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The Chatham Record.

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An Angler's Song. The bright approach; oh, come with me, come! In wet woods the partridge is beating his drum, White wreathings of vapor ascending from where The lake like a mirror lies placid and fair. Away with all sorrow, A trace with all care, Rise up and follow the sun, and we'll feel The thrill of the rod and the pulse of the reel.

MOWED IN.

"Capital, A. Now for your story, Fred." Four members of the Bicycle Tourists' Club were relating their adventures of the past season, and the one last addressed, a tall, handsome athlete, had had slightly as he knocked the ashes from his cigar before replying. "A droler adventure than mine, boys, never happened. There's the pathetic, the ludicrous, the tragic, the sentimental, all combined in this story of mine, and it's true, every word of it. It happened, let me see, just six weeks ago today. "I went with Clark and Anderson, you know, up to Bethlehem; from there to the White Mountains; then to Lancaster. "Now just before starting mother said to me, coaxing: "If you go as far as Lancaster, don't forget that Janet Harding, the only cousin I have in the world, lives in the next town." "All right, I replied. Janet Harding lives in the next town to Lancaster. I'll remember." "Janet Harding unmarried would have been bad enough, but with a husband, two giddy girls, and an overgrown boy of 17, could I stand it? Mother thought I could, and mother rules our house. "When we started on our bicycle trip to Dixville Notch I planned to see the Hardings; bowled leisurely up to the door, introduce myself to Mrs. H., joke with the girls, and then proceed; but man proposes, etc. "As luck would have it my bicycle broke down and I had to leave it at the Falls, a little village five miles from Lancaster, for repairs. Clark and Anderson went on without me to North Stratford, where I was to meet them by train, and I proceeded on foot to the Harding farm, some two miles from the Falls. "The farm, a smooth interval dotted with fields of ripening grain, and the large verandah house, and great roomy barns clustering about it, but not too near, all bespoke plenty, comfort and hospitality. "Hospitality, did I say? Well, I shouldn't take it back, although I found the door locked and not a living thing in sight except an old white hen. Mark the exception for that hen plays an important part in my adventure. "I noticed her, and in particular marked the proud, complacent step, the cooed 'car-car' she uttered, as she looked at me knowingly from the corner of her eye. Little did I think—but no matter. You will see by and by the golden thread that binds all the points together. "Well, here we were, the white hen and I, but Janet Harding was not, nor the girls, nor the boy, nor Mr. Harding. "I decided to go to the barn and lie down on the hay, the new-mown hay, and await their coming. "For me to think, is to act. A few minutes later I had climbed to the mow and concealed myself under a brace in the corner where the afternoon sunlight shined through a long crack, making slanting tufts across my breast. "I made a few verses as I lay on the fragrant hay, but I didn't postize long. I fell asleep and I dreamed, and my dreams grew thicker and blacker and heavier, until at last I dreamed that Janet Harding and her whole family were seated on my stomach, and oh, the pressure! I groaned and waked myself up, but I wasn't much better off, for E. Egyptian darkness reigned about me, except for the crack where the light still sifted through. "Where was I? What was the matter? I couldn't think, the horrible pressure was so maddening. All about, around, above, was packed piles of oats, not shelled oats, you know, but oats before they are threshed, on the stock, or

whatever you call it. While I was asleep I had been mowed in, and that's all there was to it, except that I couldn't move hand nor foot. Two or three loads must have been thrown on top of me, trod down, and clinched, so to speak. "Well, I tumbled around a bit and got my hands free and poked the grain away from my face a little. I was in a corner, as I told you, under a brace, and this gave me a chance for my life—that and the crack which gave me a breath of air in the hot, stifling place. I was just as effectually emersed as were the monks in olden times when they were walled up in their living tombs, for no amount of strength served to lift the burden a particle. "By and by something fluttered at my feet and rose up and cackled. "It was the white hen. "I knew her and she knew me, but bless you, she didn't want anything of me nor my company. I could see that. But she couldn't get out? Oh! but couldn't she? She cocked her head impudently to one side, stepped daintily to a tiny aperture about half as big as her head, and I saw at a glance that she meant business. The less sense the more instinct; I saw that the creature would get out somehow. "Why not use her for a carrier pigeon and thus establish communication with the outside world? I couldn't dare to do here and be pitched out to the cattle by forksful, or put through a threshing machine, although I might deserve such treatment, and I couldn't get out myself. "I tore a leaf from my note book and wrote something like this: "Come to my rescue. I am buried fathoms deep in oats, northwest corner of the barn just opposite the house. My blue necktie is thrust through the crack. Perhaps you can see it. I am mowed in. Your relative, FRED INGERSOLL.

"I tied the note to the hen securely with a portion of the necktie, the rest fluttered from the barn, and Biddy stepped forth, one foot up, the other foot down," carefully, conscientiously, as a hen does, and by and by a faint rustling spoke hop-fully of her progress to my waiting heart. Meanwhile I was a prey to anxious thoughts. "Suppose she should never reach the light, but perish in her perilous journey, become benumbed in and unable to go any further; suppose she should lose the letter in her passage—but a triumphant cry assured me that the white hen had reached the barn floor, and blessed sight! a little later I saw her through the crack walking proudly away from the door with the letter plainly in view. "Just then two young ladies drove into the yard. Pretty? Well, I guess so. You don't often see handsomer girls than Janet Harding's. One was dressed in seal brown, the other in navy blue. "They lured the hen toward them with a handful of corn. Seal Brown swooped down and loosed the letter and read it. "I saw all this through a crack in the barn and heard them make merry over the distress of their city cousin. "Well, to make a long story short, the girls did me out, for the men were in the mow after more oats. It seems that they were in a great hurry to get at the oats, and the hired man mowed away. Probably the first forkful covered me and that was doubtless put on without looking. Nobody knew just how it came about. When I came to view I did the best and the only thing I could do—I laughed and the girls laughed. It was a ludicrous introduction to the family but it served its turn. I found the girls no less charming than pretty; Harry, a fine lad home from college; Mrs. Harding, a lady in every sense of the word, and Mr. Harding, shrewd, competent and good-natured, and that is all. "All!" they echoed. "There ought to be a wedding." "There is to be a wedding," said the other, coolly. "Which, Navy Blue or Seal Brown?" "Navy Blue." "When are you to be married?" "Never, perhaps." "Why, I thought you said there was to be a wedding!" "So I did. Navy Blue is to marry her William."

"And you are in a Brown study still," said one slyly. Fred actually blushed. "Yes, the most puzzling study of my life, and the most interesting," and he walked away. "Hard hit, isn't he?" The rest nodded.—[Hartford Times.

One of the commonest of illusions is to imagine that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

Delusion of a Hemp Eater.

A writer in St. James Gazette gives the following description of his marvellous sensation while under the influence of Indian hemp. A friend of ours told us of his experience with the potent drug in Washington during the war, when he took a quantity in an experimental way. In his case the hallucinations as to time and distance were very similar to those given below. It is not an experience to be desired. The rooms seem to turn round; the people near appear to rise to the ceiling; the pulse beats with extreme rapidity and the throbbing of the heart becomes impossible, for one cannot recollect anything—the ideas seem to slip away. In another ten minutes the characteristic indications of hemp-atting appear. Every object around attains a monstrous size. Men and women seem of Brobdignagian proportions, the cushions upon which one sits seem fit for giants, and any trifling obstacle in the way when you attempt to walk appears so big that you fear to step over it.

The room in which you may be sitting seems to stretch beyond the range of sight, and one fancies the street outside is receding before one's very eyes. All sense of time is lost now, and when he is spoken to the hemp-eater fancies there are long and apparently senseless intervals between the words. His own attempts at speech are similarly marked; the syllables come slowly, laboriously and minutes seem to elapse between the beginning and end of a word. In this stage it is usual to partake of more coffee, which changes the nature of the sensations. A whiff at the narghile that always accompanies the beverage, and the body seems to rise into the air and float about, though inexplicably enough the feet keep firmly pressed to the ground.

Then one's legs and arms appear to drop off, and life and sensation concentrate themselves, to one's thinking, in the back of the head, which feels full of bursting. Gradually strength leaves the smoker; the pipe slips from the nervous fingers; the will altogether fails, and the body seems to rise and float away in space. A heavy, dreamless sleep usually succeeds such an indulgence in the drug, and as a rule the novice awakes none the worse for the evening's experiment. A little lemon juice removes any sensation of nausea or light headache that may ensue.

Personification of the Rainbow.

The rainbow is one of the atmospheric phenomena that have been most generally personified. Peoples of almost every part of the world have made of it a living and terrible monster whose most venial offense is that of drinking up the waters of springs and ponds. This belief is found among the Burnese, Zulus, Indians of Washington Territory, ancient Mexicans, and Fians, and exists among the popular fancies of the Swiss and Germans, and some of the French populations. The Zulus and Karens of Birmah imagine that the rainbow spreads sickness and death. The Karens, when they see one, say to their children: "The rainbow has come down to drink; do not play, for fear that harm may come to you!" Very singularly, too, the street boys in Volhynia run away, crying, "Run, it will drink you up!" In Dahomey, the rainbow is regarded as a heavenly serpent, Danh, which insures happiness. The modern Greeks hold it to be a beneficent but just-aid severer hero; they say that any one who jumps over a rainbow will change sex at once; but this saying which is also current in Alsace, is only a picturesque way of indicating the impossibility of transforming a man into a woman, or a woman into a man. The Delians offered cakes to the rainbow, and the Peruvians put its image on the walls of their temples. The Caribs considered its appearance on the sea a favorable presage; but on the earth its influence was pernicious, and they hid from its view. It was personified by a viper.—[Popular Science Monthly.

A New Mexican Parrot.

Miss McCutcheon, of Socorro, New Mexico, has a parrot that sings to the accompaniment of a piano almost perfectly. A party of friends were recently gathered at the residence of this young lady, when, for the amusement of the circle, the parrot was brought into prominence. The bird, as soon as it was brought into the room, commenced to whistle a popular tune. It whistled this tune over and over again, until one of the party suggested that the tune be changed, whereupon the parrot stopped quickly, and, casting a look of contempt at the young man who made the suggestion, cried: "Chesters!"

Misunderstood.

A tramp called at a house, and when the servant opened the door, requested something to eat. The woman replied by whistling for the dog. "You misunderstand me, mum," hastily remarked the mendicant. "How so?" "I asked that you should feed me, not the dog," was the reply, as the tramp quickly dashed through the gate.—[Youth's Companion.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Stutton Bra.

There was a very greedy boy— They called him Glutton Ben; His appetite was large enough For half a dozen men. One Christmas night he ate and ate From eight o'clock to ten; And when he crept to bed, folks thought He'd never get up again.

A dozen yelling savages Rode o'er the mountain crest; An eagle from the sky swept down And bore him to her nest; And then a doughty drayman dumped A hoghead on his breast; 'Twas thus the horrid nightmares Broke in upon his rest.

His face grew pallid in his pain, His legs they were up-bent; The doctor felt his throbbing pulse With attitude intent. "A surfeit of plum pudding, this," Was his blunt comment; He wrote out a prescription And then away he went.

Maxwell's Square Cat.

John Maxwell of Rondout, N. Y., is the owner of a dark gray Italian cat that not only jumps in the water and swims along the docks in search of rats, but is a successful fisherman. The cat has been known to creep on the gunwale of a Delaware and Hudson canal-boat for an hour or longer and watch for a fish to appear near the surface of the water. One day the piscatorial feline took into Mr. Maxwell's store at different times an eel, a catfish and a yellow perch. The eel was about eighteen inches long and the perch wriggled in the cat's mouth.—[Kingston Freeman.

A Dog Who Stole Newspapers.

"A paper carrier came to me one day and told me that somebody was stealing the papers left on a certain doorstep every morning before the subscriber got a chance to see them," said a Tribune reporter. "The gentleman living in the house had, it appeared, hauled the carrier over the coals and accused him of not giving him his paper. I concluded to watch the house and see who it was that was stealing the papers, for I was satisfied that the carrier was telling the truth. The next morning I saw the carrier throw the paper in the yard, and I concealed myself on the opposite side of the street to await developments. In a few minutes I saw a big black Newfoundland dog climb over the fence from the adjoining yard and pick up the paper in his mouth. He then jumped over the same fence and ran through the back yard. The next morning I waited for the canine thief, and gave him a reprimand with my club, and ever after that he let the papers alone."

How a Toad Entresses.

A gentleman sends to an agricultural paper an amusing description of "How a Toad takes off his Coat and Pants." He says he has seen one do it, and a friend has seen another do it in the same way.

About the middle of July I found a toad on a hill of melons, and not wanting him to leave I hoed around him; he appeared sluggish and not inclined to move. Presently I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides and rubbing downward. He appeared so singular that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs the skin began to burst open straight along the back. Now, said I, old fellow, you have done it; but he appeared unconcerned and kept on rubbing until he had worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then grasping one hind leg with both his hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, then stripped the other hind leg in the same way. He then took his cast-off cuticle forward between his fore legs into his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowed as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until it came to his fore legs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing hands, he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head, and all the while swallowing, he drew it from the neck and swallowed the whole. The operation seemed an agreeable one, and occupied but a short time.

A Crab-Catching Apé.

"That's a lone fisherman," said New York bird dealer as he pointed to a Java ape. "It is the best crab catcher known." "How does he manage to get the crab?" asked the Telegram's menagerie critic. "Catches 'em with his tail. He is the only kind of ape that has a long tail. When it sees a crab the ape backs up to the hole where the crab has disappeared, holds his tail into it and awaits events. The crab, feeling somewhat angry at the intrusion, nabs the tail, the ape leaps forward, and before the crab can say 'Jack Robinson' it finds itself on dry land with 8000 miles of terra firma under the ape, who soon chews up the crab and then tackles the next hole on the list.

A QUEER INDUSTRY.

Trading in the Beasts That Live in Menageries.

Hunting Parties Sent Everywhere in Search of Curiosities.

The expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars each year in the procurement of wild beasts, birds and reptiles seems like the wicked extravagance of some magnificent potentate, but when it is incurred in the course of trade it furnishes food for thought by the philosopher, talk by the moralist and amusement and instruction for the multitude. Mr. Reiche, a New York dealer in wild animals, has been interviewed on this subject by a Graphic reporter.

"We send out some half a dozen expeditions every year," he said, "to different parts of the world. There are three points in Africa to which we send, Ose goes to the north of Africa and thence to the interior as far as circumstances may permit. Another goes to Cape Town and thence northerly by ox teams into the interior as far towards Rider Higgard's land of story as may be. The third goes to the west coast and through Liberia. Then we send one to P. ra and that goes to any point in South America that seems most desirable. Another goes to Australia and New Zealand. Then we send parties out for walrus and sea lions towards the South Pole. They sometimes catch a polar bear, but not often.

"It would be almost impossible to say what is expended in the pursuit. The entire capital invested is turned over as frequently as possible. Sometimes we have money lying idle for a time, and sometimes it is all invested in the different consignments that are coming home. It would be equally hard to estimate the profits, for, of course, the business is full of accidents. We are liable to lose the beasts that have cost us the most, and we may get very high prices for some that have cost comparatively little. There was one hippopotamus that our hunter, Lolse Lought for \$60 from some natives on the Settle River in Africa. The animal was only a few days old when he brought it and it was kept for some time before it was sold for \$30,000. Of course the difference between the two sums was not all or nearly all profit, but they are illustrative.

"Necessarily our hunters run into all sorts of dangers, not only from the wild beasts themselves, but from the natives in some of the wild countries they have to explore. They are trained men, though, and seldom come to utter grief though some of the men they employ are frequently killed. In Africa they will have sometimes a party of 200 or 300, or even 500 natives employed in hunting the big game. Their stories of adventure are as thrilling as those in any book of travel, but the professional hunter is not often a professional story teller, and the stories that you find in books are generally told second hand.

"What do we do with our goods when we get them? They are, the most of them, taken to Germany, to our headquarters at Alfeld. There they are kept for a time if they are out of condition in any way, or if they have to be acclimated. From Alfeld they are shipped to one of our distributing depots. We have several places in different parts of the world similar to this one. You may call them salesrooms. Then we send direct to our customers.

"Who buy them? Oh, circus people, city governments and private collectors. Of course, the circus people are the largest buyers. They use up a great many animals. That is, their curiosities die faster than they would if it were not for the constant travel. They are cured for as well as possible, but of course the life is hard on them. Then there are public and private zoological gardens which we supply, and multitudes of people buy all sorts of pets. Here, for instance, is a pet that would be appreciated by a great many."

And he reached down into the barrel, the bottom of which was covered with young alligators, which were squirming and straddling around in two or three inches of dirty water. Picking one of these up by the head he held it in his hand and poked it to show that it was soft, being newly hatched. Then he tried to see if it would bite him, and finding it would not put it carefully back among its brethren.

Willing to Sell.

"That is a dangerous looking dog you have there, Dison. Aren't you afraid he will injure somebody?" "Well, yes," replied the deacon uneasily. "I haven't much confidence in the animal. If you hear of anybody who wants a good dog, let me know, and I'll sell him cheap."—[Life.

Out of Practice.

Woman (who has given something to eat to a tram): You have a very awkward way of eating, man. Yes, ma'am; I guess it's cause I'm out of practice.—[Life.

An Old Trick Revived.

"The old trick of painting diamonds so as to make yellow stones resemble the most beautiful blue white is being extensively carried on by a firm in our town," says a Kansas City jeweler. "The fraud is a clever one, and not only imposes on the inexpert, but is calculated to deceive even the connoisseur.

"The trick is very simple. All that is needed is a yellow diamond—the yellow the better—and a common indelible blue pencil. After wetting the diamond, you pencil the stone all around its surface, upper and lower sides. Then rub the stone with a piece of cotton or linen, in order to equalize the distribution of the color, and you will find the yellow stone transformed into one of a perfect bluish tint.

"In this manner it is easy to make a \$50 stone appear worth \$200, as even a magnifying glass fails to show that the stone has been colored; although if washed in alcohol, turpentine or benzine it, of course, returns to its original yellow tint. "This trick is being played daily in Kansas City. The agents of the man who is thus transforming cheap stones to gems of apparently great worth are all around town, and some of them are even working neighboring cities. "People who have recently bought diamonds at a bargain should plunge them into a benzine or alcohol bath and then rub them with a toothbrush. Their eyes may be opened to the real value of their purchases.—[Jeweller's Weekly.

A Wind Scourge.

The mistral is the northwest wind which is the scourge of the South of France in Winter and Spring. The mountain ranges of the Cevennes being covered with snow and the shores of the Mediterranean being many degrees warmer, the icy-cold air rolls down the slopes of the mountains with terrific violence, and, invading Provence and Lanquedoc, destroys the vineyards, uproots trees, throws down buildings, and is so intensely dry that it withers every green thing. According to Strabo the melamboreas precipitated men from their charriots and stripped them of their arms and vestments. Locally the saying is that the three plagues of the country are the Parliament, the mistral, and the Danace. Like our own east wind it does some good as well as a great deal of mischief, as it renders the air more salubrious by dispelling the noxious vapors from stagnant waters and marshes. In ancient times it was personified as the most dreaded of the gods of the district. The conditions of atmospheric pressure favoring the mistral are a high barometer over Europe and a low barometer over the Gulf of Lyons. The biso is a similar and excessively cold northerly wind in the Swiss and French Alps.—[Longman's Magazine.

The Favorite Color.

It is a curious circumstance that red, the unseem color of so many, is the favorite color, and may be called the king color, of the normal eye. It was especially so in ancient times. If we examine the Bible we shall find that the Hebrews scarcely ever use color as an epithet, as we do when we say "the blue sky," "the purple hills." They say, indeed, "the Red Sea," but blue is scarcely mentioned as seen in nature, only in the "blue and purple and scarlet" of the tabernacle hangings, or the high priest's robes, or the pavement of the king's palace of "red and blue and black and white marble" in the Book of Esther. Yellow, excepting as a sign of disease, is mentioned but once or twice: "her feathers like yellow gold." But a red is largely spoken of as in later times, and perhaps as incorrectly, for we did not invent, we only inherit, the expression, "red gold," "red wine," one of these being merely orange, and the other a ruddy purple. "Red hair" is a modern, or rather medieval inaccuracy; "red cow" we got from the ancients. These epithets all appear to show a certain fancy for calling things red as the more kindly and costly color.—[Good Words.

A Remarkable Tree.

A Nevada paper describes a remarkable kind of tree which is said to grow in that part of the country, and which certainly possesses qualities of great value according to the description. The trees do not grow large, a tree with a trunk about a foot in diameter being much about the average. When dry, the wood is about as hard as boxwood, and being of very fine grain, might, no doubt, be used for the same purpose. It is of a rich red color and very heavy. When well seasoned it would be a fine material for the wood carver. In the early days it was used for making boxes for shafting, and in a few instances, for shoes and dies in quartz batteries. Used as a fuel it creates intense heat. It burns with a blaze as long as ordinary wood would last, and then it is found—almost unchanged in form—converted into charcoal that lasts twice as long as ordinary wood. For fuel a cord of it brings about the same price as a ton of coal. Unfortunately it burns out stoves faster than any kind of coal.

Posts who Only Read and Listen.

When evening's shadowy fingers fold The flowers of every hue, Some shy, half-opened bud will hold Its drop of morning dew.

Sweeter with every sunlit hour The trembling sphere has grown, Till at the fragrance of the flower Becomes at last its own.

We that have sung perchance may find Our little nest of praise, And round our pallid temples bind The wreath of fading days.

Ah, poet, who has never spent Thy breath in idle strains, For thee the dewdrop morning lent still in thy heart remains.

Unwasted, in its perfume cell It waits the evening gale; Then to the azure whence it fell Its lingering sweets exhale.

—[Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HUMOROUS.

Bank examiners—Burglars. Light headed—The locomotive. A serious case—A doctor without one.

A sea captain is usually the mainstay of his family. A mule is not necessarily an artist because he can draw.

All men are born free and equal, according to law; but all of them do not stay that way. A wedding ceremony shouldn't pass off too smoothly. For instance, there should be a hitch of some kind.

The midnight serenader's come His ballad wail to tame, And though old boots around him hum He'll guitar just the same.

Old gentlemen (to convict)—"What is the most objectionable feature you find in prison life, my dear friend?" Convict—"Wistors."

"Papa, what is a bender?" "A bender, why, it's what men get on sometimes." "Does it bend 'em when they get on it?" "Yes, it bends them, and if they stay on too long they will get all broke up."

Stranger (to Indiana farmer)—"It's a great pity that the crops in this section have been so badly damaged by rain." Indiana farmer (taking a sun-bath)—"Wall, ya's, mister, but it saves a sight o' work harvestin'."

"Dear me," said the little Boston boy, after intellectual suasion had failed, and they had spanked him for the first time; "if I had had the slightest suspicion that the resultant sensation was so poignant, I should never have invited the experiment."

Wife (who has the foreign-language "spasm")—"John, do you know I'm getting on splendidly with my French? I am really beginning to think in the language." Husband (interested in his paper)—"Is that so? Let me hear you think a little while in French."

Skin-Grafting.

Where the skin has been destroyed by burns or other injuries it may be renewed by transplanting small pieces of living skin from other parts or even from the lower animal. Dr. Richard of Paris has thus successfully treated a severe burn of the scalp in a child two years of age. The wound measured three inches by two and a half, over which area the skin was entirely destroyed. He first tried grafts of frog's skin, but as these proved repulsive to the patient he took the skin from beneath the wing of a chicken and in two months the wound was completely skinned over. The doctor neglects to state whether any feathers have yet sprouted on the child's head, but unless a natural law is suspended in this case, such is sure to be the result. What a vista is here opened up! The woman of the future will discard bonnets, since a simple process of skin-grafting will crest her like a cockatoo or adorn her head with a natural growth of the most brilliant plumage of the tropics. But how about her appearance when she is moulting?—[Chicago News.

Knowing Turkeys.

Last summer Mrs. James McConnell, of Cadiz, O., had a brood of fine young turkeys caught in a hail-storm, by which several of them had each a leg broken. The grass being high near the house she could only find one of the unfortunate, which she picked up carefully, and with splinters placed on each side of the fracture bound up the broken part. A day or two passed, and she had forgotten the incident, when what was her astonishment one afternoon to see approaching her in the yard the old turkey with her brood—five—with broken legs. These, under the leadership of the one she had operated upon, came chirping up to her and would not leave until she had bound each one's fractured leg.

Ear Trumpet for an Ox.

A farmer near Chebanse, Ill., having an ox that did not obey orders concluded that the animal was deaf and bought an ear trumpet, which worked with great success. The animal had lost its appetite, but with its return of hearing ate heartily. The ear-trumpet is fastened in place by wires around one of the horns.—[Chicago Times.